

# THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

## They Tell Us That This Is Sweeping Day

Otherwise We Wouldn't Know It, For What With Vacuum Cleaners, and Carpet Sweepers, and Hardwood Floors That Are Mopped Only, the Idea Which We Once Entertained As Being the Regular Sweeping Day Is Quite Passe.

WHEN we sought to find out what day Friday was in the household calendar so that we could appropriately sing it, we were told that it was sweeping day. "You sweep the upstairs on Friday and the downstairs on Saturday morning."

That made us remember then, although in our day they used to sweep the whole business on Friday. We have faint recollections of female relatives going about pointing in corners, where other females grubbed, all with their heads down like Indian princes. Just tickled the nostrils, and made one sneeze deliciously, and luncheon was a sort of picnic affair, snatched on the wing, as it were.

Windows were all opened, and the neighborhood was filled with pleasant sights and sounds of rugs being beaten, little children being stepped on, and animals being routed from their customary lairs. Speaking of the animals reminds us that the husbands were never to be seen.

Only the certain brand who were called into beating the rugs. When we sought for such sights and sounds last Friday we were disappointed and naturally supposed that women no longer swept on that day, information to the contrary notwithstanding. But they do. With windows down, to the purr of an electric motor or the busy whirl of a carpet sweeper, they modestly clean their homes on the same old day.

At least we are told so. Don't take our word as gospel. Our own experience is that every once in a while during the week we bump into somebody with a broom, but not often. Being a slave of labor doesn't encourage an intimate knowledge of the manipulation of the household business.

Last minute news enlightens. We find that hardwood floors are mopped not swept, that there are lots of them, and that sweeping with a broom with the windows open, and the dust flying is no longer done.

It isn't sanitary. We are so ashamed. The longer we live the more faith we put in the wisdom of Lewis Carroll.

We CALL it sweeping day. But that is just what we CALL it. It's real name is The Day for Running The Vacuum Cleaner Around the Room.

Here lies the broom, and here the dustpan. Through many years they served a willing pair. And brought from chaos, all this glad new world. At first they merely used to sweep the ashes back. From hearth stones; and to smooth the dirt. From out the small inclosure of the house. Built out of logs. Then, later on, came years of growth. When millions of their kind swept continents of space, day in and out in monstrous factories and myriad homes. But now, like pilgrims who have gone their weary length. Their toll is over. Emmeshed in fate's decree. That all which serves to build on shall be crushed. They pass, and "modern" helpers take their place. But not in vain they helped. The monument which shall forever tower through centuries. Is this? Though broom and dustpan pass away. Comes Friday—ever known as "Sweeping Day."

THE CONDUCTOR.

## How a Playground Superintendent Became a Vaudeville Headliner

Marion Morgan Has Only Been Two Seasons on the Professional Stage With Her Art Dancers, But She Has Worked For Many More Years Than That on the Instruction of the Sixteen Girls Who Take Part.



By FLORENCE E. YODER.

THE star dressing room at Keith's this week is bare. Mind, we didn't say empty, but quite bare. The star uses neither grease paint nor costumes, trunks nor bags, but merely sits composedly in a dark velvet dress and her own complexion, settling the affairs of her small company.

Yesterday afternoon she consented to be interviewed, and the acquaintance of Marion Morgan, shall we say "proprietor" (?) of the Morgan Art Dancers, headlining the bill at Keith's this week, was made.

The story of how she came to headline vaudeville is interesting in the extreme, especially after one is told that the "company" is only two years old, and the previous experience of all concerned is far from professional.

Vaudeville headline attractions don't as a rule grow up over night. When the small blue-eyed girl, who looked about twenty but might be older—we didn't ask—was introduced it was quite a shock. Blue eyes, with blonde hair parted on the side, a dimple in the chin, and a slight, slender frame are not usually hall marks of either executive ability or endurance.

But Miss Morgan has just these physical attributes. Only two things make it anything short of wonderful that her type should "arrive"—first, because she is a woman and therefore fundamentally inconsistent with everything, and second because the dimple mentioned beforehand sits in the span-middle of her square and firm jaw as ever existed. Miss Morgan wasn't interested in much of anything but a technical difficulty at first. She fussed and fumed and tried to be unpleasant, but it was no use. Her fearful threat against all electricians in general sounded quite harmless after she had actually said it, and she was coaxed almost—but not quite—easily.

"If you want it all," she began, "I was born in New Jersey," and she caught herself suddenly. "But don't say that. It sounds so prosaic after having lived in California for seven years."

"I can't tell you anything now unless I begin at the beginning—let's see. I got my training in the New York Normal School of Physical Education, and about seven years ago I went to California for my—she started to say health, but laughed and changed it to "complexion."

"First I had a position as superintendent of city playgrounds in Los Angeles, then I was made physical director of the Manual Arts High School. During four summers I worked in the Greek Theater at Berkeley, at the University of California."

"It was here, I think," she went on, "that I got my love for producing, for putting things on a stage in an artistic way."

"Yes," she paused and wrinkled her brow. "Yes, I'm sure that it began there. I simply couldn't keep my hands off producing after that."

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Why Keith's Star Dressing Room Is Deserted-Looking This Week and Devoid of Grease Paint, Powder, and Multifarious Clothes. Miss Morgan Doesn't Use Paint When Out of Costume—And When She's In Her Office She Is Not In Costume, That Is, Stage Costume.

fed than anything else, I had kept up a little class of girls in my dancing class. I do not teach anything that other people teach according to certain laws. I have my own ideas on classic dancing. I teach, not so much cult, as I do the best and freest method for the expression of certain music in actual dancing terms. This is employed in turn to express the art of certain periods.

"Now, when my girls dance, it does not mean that the ancient Egyptians, or Greeks, or Romans, took exactly those same dancing steps and figures. But it does mean that when my dancers are stopped, at any point they naturally fall into those attitudes, which are duplicates of the art of the period in which they appear."

"After all there is no way of finding out just how the ancients did dance except from art. Art is action immortalized. When I have my dancers stop, and hold a pose which is like unto a picture of art in a certain period, I think that their dancing cannot be very far from correct. But I cannot say that it necessarily is so."

"Well, to go back to my six pupils. I had trained them since they were thirteen, little girls in high school, and of course I knew them well. I decided finally to start out and take them abroad. I had done no managerial work to speak of, had never been in theatricals professionally, and had just what experience I tell you of in an amateur way."

"You see they are just little girls, taken right from their homes for this one act. Then came the opportunity to enter vaudeville. We did and here we are."

The other eight girls in her company Miss Morgan has chosen carefully. She doesn't want people who have had previous training, but raw crude material which she can mold herself.

And the ultimate opinion she has of the "dancing out of doors" today? Oh, she thinks that it is just a fad so far—but a good one. But if the years go on, she thinks with more out of door sleepers, and enthusiasts about the simple life, and sandal wearers, and serious dancers, and wearers of so-called "sport clothes" that some day, not in our time nor the time of our children, but in two generations after that perhaps, that people will live and laugh and dance as they once did years ago in Greece.

For until our clothing and habits allow that classic dance to be a natural expression, it cannot enter our hearts and be spontaneous. As for our own opinion—it is merely, speed the time!

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## Nervousness Often Merely Selfishness Disguised by a Name

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

SELFISHNESS often may be a tyrant ruling under the name of "nervousness." This so-called malady has seldom, if ever, anything to do with the nerves, spinal cord or brain. Indeed, the terms "nervous," "neurotic" and "nervousness" are misnomers behind which the truth is concealed from view. Proof of this is easily found. Count over your acquaintances who are shunned as bores, plagues and nuisances because they are "nervous." Pathological search of the nerves of such individuals quickly discloses of the suspicion that such a thing as diseased nerves are to be found.

The emotions as well as health are affected by maladies which do not show in the nerves, although their origins are often blamed on the nerves, and, therefore, sought in the wrong places. Selfishness is really a common cause of some states called "nervous." When the ego, the I, the self looms as large as a superdreadnaught or a Mars it makes such demands on those around that the care of disinterested persons is with a tolerantly and with charity say: "The poor thing has such nerves" or "she suffers so from nervousness that she is more to be pitied than censured."

Among the emotions, feelings and sensations which are falsely ascribed to nervousness are foolish fears, so-called premonitions, cringing, lack of ambition, worry, fixed ideas, obsessions, lack of self-control, restlessness, lack of thought concentration, lack of knowledge, indecision and tremors of the muscles. Be this as it may, not one of these is caused by nerves or nervous diseases. When any one falls in a crisis or to do the right thing at a critical moment, it is wrongly ascribed to his being nervous.

Sometimes it may be a want of delicacy in the skin which causes mistaken. Again it may be defective eyesight or false pride. At other times the over-productiveness of the thyroid gland or some other non-nervous structure may be at the bottom of fears, anxieties and muscle twitchings. In the end, so-called nervous states are hardly ever to be blamed upon the nerves.

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## The Alphabetical Dots

By CLIFFORD LEON SHERMAN.



"Do the Mexicans have any sense of humor?" demanded Tommy of his long suffering father.

"Yes," answered his father, "I believe that a Mexican enjoys a joke just as much as anyone else. They are somewhat childish at times in respect to what they think is funny. Once, when we were on a scouting expedition we saw a Mexican stick something on a tree with a dagger. We thought it might be a reward for our capture, but when we came closer we saw that it was the

(To complete the picture draw a straight line from the dot marked A to the dot marked B and so on through the alphabet.)

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